

# Moses Little Brother

The day after Moses and the Twelve Tribes of Israel set off into the wilderness, his little brother ran up to the head of the procession.

'We'll be out of here in no time — I have a map.'

Big Brother, of course, knew better. After all, God was on their side, and not just any god, of which there were plenty in those far-off generous days, but the one true God — He who could provide plagues of locusts, frogs and boils, and could part the Red Sea when required.

10 'No, thank you,' Moses replied, 'We have a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. We don't need maps.'

'But it'll tell us—'

'When God wants to tell us anything, he'll turn into a burning bush.'

That night, after Moses and the Twelve Tribes had hurried off to catch up with the pillar of fire, Little Brother shrugged and lay down in the sand. Next thing, God was shaking him.

'You're on your own!' came the Divine warning.

'Suits me.' He turned over, and went back to sleep.

20 A few days later, Moses's little brother reached the Promised Land. Milk and honey for those with work permits — but for the likes of him, it was either the building-site or delivering pizzas...

The Twelve Tribes showed up forty years later. There was a dispute. Several other gods, both local and freelance, got involved and, three thousand years after that, everyone was still at it. A partition was followed by refugee camps, suicide-bombers, missiles. Someone produced a new map. Someone started building a wall. God turned Himself into a burning bush. No one noticed.

'Okay,' He said, 'no more Mr Nice Guy,' and reached for his Book of Plagues. The updated version.